



LONDON'S BURNING, the fanzine by a Clash fan for Clash fans, has been done because it beats sharpening pencils. It is available for lust, money, or trade with other fanzines. But only if I like your fanzine. People who want to pay more than the cover price are welcome to. Letters are encouraged and are in danger of being published. Whether there will be another LONDON'S BURNING is open to speculation -- a Saints issue is crying out, but right now there's no time--but probably. Suggestions solicited. Dial 999 at your own risk. December, 1976 ON THE TRAWING

Conceived, partly photographed, put together, and generally masterminded by Jonh Ingham

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(01 - 960 - 52)London W10 转) while in a state of disrepair at Brompton Hospital. It was almost as much fun as breathing.

. Dedicated to the KAA-CHUUUNNGG!!!! that comes right after Joe Strummer screams the opening to 'London's Burning'.

Thanks to:

BOARD

Mick Farren for indirectly introducing me to a book Dawn Ades for writing it John Heartfield, the Mechanic

Mark P for inspiration

Barbara Charone for giving me one of the best worst rock books written Caroline Coon, Giohvani Dadomo, Chris Needs for words - Muestoo Shiela Rock for pix - NEXT ISH!

Harald and Mechthild for pix and believing

Adrian for a being a fan

Jon Herlihy for telling us it's Our Generation

All the people in Foulis and Elizabeth wards who gave me their newspapers COMPANY THE CLEAN and only twice asked me why I kept cutting them up

But mostly to Joe, Mick, Paul and Terry for being the Clash And Bernard, for being Bernard

EXTRA SPECIAL PEOPLE

Like Mick says, "These songs written in any other couldn't be written in any other Vivien Goldman, and Stuart Joseph found essential photos, xeroxed, printed, ran around and encouraged. Without them, this zine would still be a burning pain inside my bloody brain

























Punk rock is the generic term for the latest musical garbage bred by our troubled culture, British and American. It features screaming, venomous, threatening rock sounds. It's not totally illiterate musically; the punks have been practising. But musically, it isn't much.

GIGGLE

TITTER

It isn't new. The pendulum principle works in pop as in life. Early rock 'n' roll was a scream against Tin Pan Alley's bland commercialism. And when yesterday's rebels flaunt their fortunes, flee to tax havens, there's bound to be a reaction from under-nineteens bred in social denrivation. deprivation.

So punk-rockers hate Mick Jagger (also, Led Zeppelin, Yes and Genesis) as much as they hate critics. They hate love,

They hate, aparhy, lust alcodrugs etc. aggression. They and hol, anarchy, me-down clothes pins all over, including in their ears.

Johnny Rotten and the Sex Pistols are punks. They sing "Anarchy in the UK," which ends with a scream: "Destroy." Clash and Damned are other "A." Love: something you feel for a dog or a pussy cat," says Rotten, according to a writer called Caroline Coon who has been plugging the music in "Melody Maker." Rooted in "urban reality," she says it is.

She's recounted various jolly

was re-done several times because the obscenity level was so high. Punks like spoiling things—say, pouring beer on carpets, or polluting the atmosphere personally.

Popular music has many faces. It has always had a punk face. It has also, this century, evolved faces which, musically, have dignity and joy. Punk will fade. Its apologists are ludicrous.

There are ways to protest about the putrid faces of both pop and society without relapsing into barbarism. Punk is anti-life, into anti-humanity.

anti-humanity.

You will probably hear much more about it, although not from me, for it will be exploited by writers desperate not to be thought "old" and record companies without shame. When it dies, it will not be mourned.

EEL

Rotten anecdotes about spitting at people, throwing bricks at chackle

CHORIZE GIGGLE







